

THE GATEWAY

OUR COUNCIL HAS LONG SESSION

Budgets Receive Searching Analysis—Cuts Made—Other Business

What is perhaps the largest meeting on record of the Students' Council was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 13, and Wednesday morning, Oct. 14, starting at 7:30 p.m. Mr. Percy Davies, president of the Students' Union, occupied the chair, and the meeting was witnessed by a full attendance of Council members.

The President introduced Miss Helen Manning and Bob Langston as the newly-appointed representatives to the Council of the Literary Association, following which the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary and adopted. After announcing that the discussion of the budget to be presented to the Students' Union was the main point of business, Mr. Davies requested the representatives of the different organizations to write their itemized budgets on the blackboard in order to expedite discussion. At the very first, the objection was raised that the Council had under-estimated the total income for 1925-26, and after considerable discussion it was decided on a division that the income side of the budget should be considerably increased.

The Gateway budget was the first to be presented, and after Mr. Stan Ross, Business Manager of The Gateway, had thoroughly explained every detail of the estimated income and expenditure for the coming year, it was moved by Mr. Ross, seconded by Mr. Campbell, and carried unanimously, that The Gateway budget be presented as read.

Pointing out that a great deal of discussion was certain to go with the voting on the budget, Mr. Davies suggested that all the officials of the major organizations read their budgets first before taking them up individually, this suggestion being carried out at once. The coming Imperial Debate in February was brought up at this juncture, and after a very thorough explanation of the situation connected with it, it was decided to drop the whole matter from the budget and table it till a future meeting of the Council.

The different budgets were summed up by the Chairman, and since the estimated expenditure was over \$1,000 more than the estimated income, he pointed out that the only thing to do was to take each budget and cut their demands individually. The budgets, however, of the Students' Union General Fund, the Rotators' Club and the Wauneta Society were passed without opposition. As it was announced that tea was ready in the adjoining room, the Council adjourned at 9:30 p.m., to enjoy some greatly needed and appreciated refreshments.

Having thoroughly revived themselves, the meeting met again at 10 p.m. At the suggestion of the Chairman, the plan adopted for discussion on the budgets was that, first, the budget should be examined and cut wherever economy was apparent, and that the deficit which remained should be divided among the major organizations to deal with themselves. Approximately \$15 was struck off the Boxing Club request; baseball was removed from the budget entirely, to be dealt with in the spring if sufficient money to give baseball a grant was then available.

Rugby was tabled for the present, and swimming was economized on by the decision to remove the trip of the swimming team to Saskatoon for the present at least, if not definitely for the year. After investigating the men's basketball budget, the majority of the Council members came to the conclusion that either one or the other of the proposed Winnipeg and Calgary trips would have to go, as the expenditure involved was beyond the financial abilities of the Union. Tennis and soccer budgets resolved themselves into the clear-cut questions of whether the inter-varsity games should or should not be held, as there was no other means by which

FRESHMEN PLAN ORGANIZATION

The Freshmen class '29 got away to a good start at the meeting held in Room 142 of the Medical Building on Wednesday afternoon. The meeting was called by Mr. Percy Davies, President of the Students' Union, to enable the Freshmen to discuss class fees, etc. Mr. Davies pointed out that the fees should be decided on, and the money paid to the Secretary of the Students' Union, as the Freshmen will not be allowed to organize until after the New Year. He also stated that the money would be kept in trust until after organization, when it would be turned over to their secretary. The meeting unanimously decided that two dollars and fifty cents would be the fee charged.

Mr. Langston, President of the Dramatic Society, addressed the meeting regarding play night, reading the rules, etc., by which each class was to abide. He then suggested that an executive of four be elected in order to get those interested in dramatic work started. This was promptly done. While the ballots were being counted, Mr. Jones spoke in aid of the organ fund, emphasizing that it was a memorial for those who paid the supreme sacrifice in the Great War. He also quoted figures of what had already been paid in to date.

INITIATION TO SATISFY THE MOST EXACTING



VIEWS OF INITIATION DAY

- (1) Freshman victim being medically examined prior to ordeal.
- (2) Freshette smiles despite undignified costume.
- (3) Line-up of Frosh in lower gym—waiting for breakfast.

ARRIVAL OF ORGAN CREATES INTEREST

Memorial Organ Will Be Ready For Services on Armistice Day

Rarely has so much excitement pervaded the halls and campus as in the past few days with the long-awaited arrival of the Memorial Organ, which is to be dedicated in Convocation Hall on November 11.

No sooner had the news spread about the University that the organ was being unloaded on Saturday morning than a buzzing crowd of greatly interested staff members and students gathered in the rotunda of Arts to watch the large boxes containing the organ pipes being carried and pushed up the steps to Convocation.

From the great interest everyone in the University is showing, it is quite evident that no other thing has ever appealed more strongly to all connected with the University—faculty, staff, alumni and undergraduates, all seem to have forsaken everything else to concentrate on the arrival of the organ.

Convocation Hall, also, shows very clear signs of the organ—walls piled with boxes, floor littered with paper, wood, organ parts, and sections of the walls demolished—all to make room for the organ. November 11 is fast approaching, and with a little more financial support from the students and other well-wishers of the memorial, it is confidently expected that everything will be ready as per arrangements for the dedication on Armistice Day.

their budgets could possibly be lessened. Track and hockey were cut on equipment only. Except for criticism of the proposed large expenditure for decorations, the Men's Athletic General Fund budget escaped unscathed.

The Literary Association budgets were next on the programme. Small cuts in equipment and miscellaneous were made throughout, but the one large economy made was the removal of the proposed Literary banquet from the budget. However, the Council gave its encouragement and approval to this plan, which is that one large banquet take the place of the former Dramatic, Glee, etc., affairs.

The policy of paying student stage hands for the dramatic plays was subjected to an immediate bombardment of criticism, but no definite action was taken. Women's athletics presented largely the same situation as the men's athletics, but largely due to the generosity and sacrifice which the ladies' representatives displayed, it was possible to make substantial reductions. A summary of the reductions showed that the proposed budget still failed to balance by about \$700, so it was decided that the three major organizations, the Men's and Women's Athletics and the Literary Association, be requested to reduce their budgets in proportion, in order to remove the deficit, and to resubmit their budgets at the next meeting of the Council on October 20.

On behalf of The Gateway, Mr. Herbert stated that due to the success of the unusually excellent advertising staff this year, The Gateway was able to give \$200 to the Central Check instead of \$100 in order to release \$100 more for distribution among the other clubs. Mr. Herbert's offer was accepted with thanks, and great appreciation of The Gateway's fairness was expressed.

Mr. Tom Michie and Mr. W. Morrison were confirmed as pious judges of the Students' Court.

Committees were appointed to report on Social Directorate and Open-air Rink.

As there was no further business, the meeting adjourned at 12:48 p.m.

The Gruesome Details Follow

Thursday Was a Woeful Day for the Poor Frosh—Ducking, Kalsomining and Paddling Were Thrilling Experiences for the Wearers of the Blatant Sox

The grande finale of initiation week began at the cold grey hour of 3 a.m. on Thursday, October 8. The Frosh, with vivid and fearful anticipations of the ordeal to come, were sent to bed early the previous evening. At the appointed hour they began filing into the lower gymnasium of Athabasca Hall, where their numbers were checked off and the roll called. Tightly blindfolded and with hands bound behind their backs, they were formed in rows, like prisoners awaiting the hand of the executioner, while the preparers of the ritual completed final arrangements.

At last all were ready. With elaborate ceremonial the first victim was conducted to the sacrificial altar. After mounting what seemed to the poor Freshie to be an interminable number of steps, he was, still blindfolded, thrown into space. The fall ending abruptly, he was tossed high in the air, to fall again, and again soar skyward.

The initiatory degree was now well under way. Already startled, the wondering Freshie was jammed into a barrel from which—at least to his probably distorted imagination—had

just been emptied a heterogeneous mixture of garlic, axle grease, limburger cheese—and other things which it would not be strictly "commel fault" to mention—and rolled down an incline. Emerging from this he was faced with a gigantic push ball, and ordered to climb it, while his conductors unmercifully flailed the posterior part of his anatomy with paddles.

From here the green one, amazed at the diabolical subtlety of his torture, was sent backward between two bars, paddled as he went. To his relief he was seated in a comfortable chair, only to bound upward as a jolt of electricity passed through him. After climbing a ladder which seemed to lead him into mid-air, he was shot into a tunnel, where frightful sounds rang in his terrified ears. On emerging from here he was again flailed, sent scuttling along another ladder, and hurried along a passage-way with deep steps coming at varied and unknown intervals. Wafted almost into unconsciousness—if he had not already reached that state—by a

(Continued on Page Six)

THEATRE NIGHT - AS PER USUAL

Freshmen Throw Off Sophomore Bonds of Restraint When They Visit Downtown Places of Amusement—Triumphantly Burn Freshman Effigy—End Reign of Terror

"Hep, hep, hep, hold the line. Stop that car. That's good; he showed sense. Now, then, 'round the lamp post and tie up the street." Four hundred studes dipped and swayed, weaved in and out of the traffic of Jasper, dashed through the theatres in a yelling line that brought the audiences to their feet wondering what it was all about, and on through the downtown hotels and restaurants on Thursday night; for this was the annual snake dance that marked the end of Freshman initiations.

The dance was the formal introduction of the Freshmen to the places of entertainment in the city, and was the first gesture of freedom



The lady violinist was the most popular number with the men

the new members of the class have been permitted since entering the University.

It is popularly supposed to be only for freshmen, and the Sophomores who kindly conduct them around the places of note in the city, but it was noticed that quite a large number of senior class men had stooped from their usual heights of aloofness to

take part in this feature of the initiation program.

The dance started immediately after the close of the theatre performance attended by the students, and forthwith began the thrilling game of "catching the car" which has developed into one of the most interesting parts of the night's activities.

No official tally was kept of the number of cars bagged—the number of cars driven by those reckless individuals who tried to crash the dancing line of students, but the general impression was that more cars than usually endeavored to do this, much to the disillusionment of their drivers, who generally found the student's method of moral sauterie very disconcerting.

Martin Johnston, who led the snake dance through the city added an innovation that will probably become one of the regular features of the snake dance. He made a straw-stuffed dummy of a Freshman, which was burned amid triumphant yells outside the Riverview Dance Hall to mark the final emancipation of the freshman class.

The dance was preceded by University Theatre night at Pantages. The building was almost completely filled with students and their friends, who formed a wildly appreciative audience for the actors. These, incidentally, entered largely into the spirit of the affair and wore the freshman habiliments of green and gold with a grace that even the class of 1930 did not possess.

Countless streamers of colored paper were flung by the students, with the result that the theatre soon looked like a mysterious cave hung with colored stalactites.

A number of new and excellent songs, composed for the occasion by Jack Marshall, the energetic president of the Rotators' Club, were flashed on the screen before the regular performance started, and the freshman orchestra performed energetically in providing an accompaniment for these, as well as in playing a number of dance selections.

INTER-FACULTY TRACK MEET WAS WELL CONTESTED

Arts Win After Long Afternoon Struggle—Three Mile Best Event—Faculty Walk Creates Enthusiasm

GOOD MATERIAL FOR 'PEG Sproule was New Star—Old Reliabilities, Bright and Osterland, Much in Evidence—Bright Breaks Records

In what was probably the most bitterly-fought track meet ever staged in local circles the Arts team chalked up their second successive triumph by garnering 38 points to win the third annual University Field Meet on Tuesday afternoon at the local grid. It was a nip and tuck struggle for the leadership from the first event, with the lead see-sawing back and forth until a winner was returned in the relay race, the final event of the programme.

The standing of the four teams, after a complete check was made, is: Arts, 38 points; Com-Law, 31½ points; Pharm-Med-Dents, 29; Ag-Sci, 26½.

In the women's events the "Frosh," with Miss Fry in the limelight, had little difficulty in leading all other years with a total of 28 points. The Seniors finished in the runner-up position with 19 counters, and were followed by the Sophs and Juniors (last year's champions) with 10 and 6 points respectively.

Osterland Individual Champ. Cliff Osterland, after being closely pressed by Fritz Werthenbach throughout the day, copped the aggregate honors by finishing three points ahead of Werthenbach, who totalled 17. "Aubs" Bright was in rare form, and punished the record books of W.I.C.A.U. by bettering the marks in the hammer throw and shot put.

Gladys Fry, of Varscona fame, occupied the centre of the stage in the girls' events by knocking over four firsts and two thirds for a total of 22 points. Miss McLatchie and Miss MacMillan had a close run for second place, where only one point separated them, Miss McLatchie collecting 10 and Miss MacMillan 9 tallies.

Some very promising material for the inter-university meet was uncovered, the best of which was a new distance man, Sproule, who will be a worthy successor to Cormack and Barker in these events. Sproule, carrying the Arts colors, gave a wonderful exhibition in the mile and three mile runs, showing his heels to the rest of the field with apparent ease. This boy should create no small stir in Winnipeg on Saturday. Others on whom the green and gold supporters, at home, will pin great faith are Werthenbach and Cutsungavich. These boys are well known on the track, having represented Saskatchewan in years gone by. But to get to the details.

The Events. In the 100-yard dash Werthenbach finished first, Lundy second, while Walker and Glasgow tied for third place. This was a pretty race with the boys running even-Stephen most of the distance. The time, 11 seconds, was also good considering the poor weather, which greatly handicapped training. In the 220 dash "Worthy" again broke the tape, followed by Lundy and Glasgow. Fritz stepped this measure in 26 2-5 secs. The 440, one of the hardest races on the card, returned Cutsungavich in first place, Walker second and Bade Powell third. "Cut" crossed the line 58 2-5 secs. after leaving the starter's gun. It took Cutsungavich just two minutes and 17 secs. to step around the track twice and grab off five points in the half-mile run. Powell

FORMER PRESIDENT OF S.U. TELLS OF SOME OLD BOYS

Charlie Riley Recalls Some Old Times in an Appeal For the Memorial Organ Fund

The following article—reminiscences of an old boy—was written by Charlie Riley, a former president of the Students' Union here. Mr. Riley was one of the fellows whose University course was interrupted by the call to the front. Upon his return, he took a prominent part in Varsity life, and graduated with a B.A. in 1920. Since that date he has been a master at Western Canada College, and was recently elected a member of the University of Alberta Senate.

The boys who left the University to go to war, never to return, must not be forgotten. Those of us who knew them will ever keep green their memory without the necessity of any tangible reminder. We loved them and we cannot forget them if we would. Sometimes we sit alone and dream that we see them gathered round their camp-fires in the Happy Hunting Ground, and

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train, Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

Old Erny Parsons with his books under his arm, shuffling across the campus in that ambling fashion that gained him the sobriquet of "Farmer," and stopping for one last kick at the rugby ball before he left for home—the same old Erny sitting calmly at his post in the front line trench and reading a magazine to while away the weary hours; I can hear him and Tiny McArthur planning their journey home via Behring Straits to avoid the ocean voyage and its concomitant seasickness; Tiny sitting tailor-fashion on the floor of the dug-out and quite talkative after his early morning tot. They were both awfully fine fellows. I can see them now as they sat together in the sunshine one Sunday morning long ago, cocked up on a fence opposite the village church whither they had come to watch the congregation disperse and perhaps wait for me, so I flattered myself at the time. Another day in the autumn of '15, the three of us were comfortably seated in the parlor of an old French house where the kind lady of the establishment had prepared a spread for us—real old-fashioned apple pie and milk. I had "spun the bat" for it, and Erny, being the only one in funds, was footing the bill. Erny could play

(Continued on Page Six)

ran a game race in this event, and finished second with MacKenzie third.

And now we come to Mr. Sproule. This gentleman, after trotting along for three-quarters of the distance, made a wonderful sprint on the last lap, and, jumping the tape, was returned winner in the mile run, with the watches reading 5 mins. 7 1-5 secs. McLean and Dewar gathered in the rest of the points here, finishing in the order named. The three-mile run also appeared to the liking of Sproule, and he won this gruelling affair in 17 mins. 57 3-5 secs. Art Willis was second and McLean followed him to the line.

In the 120-yard hurdles, Osterland, Werthenbach and Allin cleared the obstacles in close formation, and crossed the finish line as named above. The broad jump saw the same contestants finish in the same order, while in the running high the order was somewhat reversed, Allin being top man, Osterland second and Werthenbach third. James and Siebert were the only two entries for the pole vault, and the Meds jumped eight points.

In the weight events a familiar figure stepped out and, in manner largely free of habit, broke, unofficially, two inter-varsity records. Yes, you're right the first time. It was none other than the head of the track team, "Aubs" Bright. The big boy from the south extended the distance in the hammer throw from 100 feet 6 inches to 112 feet 5 inches. In this event McLaren was second and Osterland third. Again in the shot put the old record of 37 feet 2½ inches fell when Bright tossed the metal sphere 39 feet 8 inches from the take-off. Osterland and Willis divided the other points. While the discs did not land any farther than thrown on previous occasions by Bright, the old inter-faculty record was replaced with one inscribed 117 feet 3 inches. Osterland took second here also, and Krause third.

Ladies' Events. Gladys Fry, as mentioned above, made a real haul when it came to collecting points. This fair freshette took first in the 50 and 100-yard sprints, broad jump and running high, and third in the shot put and basketball throw. Ursula McLatchie appeared in the win column with five points for the shot put, and the same number for the basketball throw. Francis MacMillan ran second in the 50 and 100-yard dash, and pulled down three more points in the broad jump. Mary Cooper, champion of other years, annexed two seconds and a third in the afternoon's affair, and was followed by Erna Nichols with three points awarded for second place in the high jump. Misses Coone, Race and Salmon each appeared in the score column, taking

(Continued on Page Five)



THE GATEWAY

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Editor-in-Chief Walter B. Herbert, B.A.
Associate Editor Wesley Oke
News Editor John C. Marshall
Business Manager Stanley Ross, B.A.
Advertising Manager Martin Johnstone
Circulation Manager Max Wershof

Reporters for last issue:

Miss E. Horricks, Miss H. Boyle, Messrs. Tivey, Halton, Sweeney, Osbourne, Tavender, K. MacKenzie, D. MacKenzie, R. H. C. Harrison, Clements, Wershof, Leech.

INDIFFERENCE OF STUDENTS

Political Morons—what are they? One authority has replied, "University undergraduates." This sounds like gross libel; to suggest that we, the cream of the nation's mental life, are endowed with the minds of children in regard to matters of general public concern. But upon second thought, it almost appears that our actions are justification for the cruel assertion.

How many times have we of the younger generation been told that in a few years the management of our country's affairs will rest upon our shoulders? The exact number doesn't matter. The question is—Do we believe it? Or realize just what it means? Or do we think that the "old fellows" are "spoofing" us, and that when they die off there will be other old fellows ready to take their places; equally trained, equally interested and equally well-informed?

Judging by the amount of interest now manifested in this country by the Younger Set in matters political, social (in the broad sense, please) and economic, the outlook is rather dismal for the leadership of the future.

In Europe, one of the outstanding features of university life is the interest in politics. The students of the old lands have opinions on public matters. They voice them. They insist that they be listened to and seriously considered. And why shouldn't they? Are they not the men and women who, five, ten or fifteen years hence, will be the backbone of the nation?

Many writers and public men have observed in this connection how much more keen and alive are the young French Canadians of the east than are we English Canadians of the west. A casual glance through the student papers from Laval or St. Francis always gives the impression that it is not before unseeing eyes that the political pot is boiling. They have their political clubs; their correspondents discuss public matters; their editorials are searching and broad. In fact, they realize that they are to be the Bismarcks, and the Gladstones and the Lauriers of tomorrow and that they must be prepared.

Why is it that the university undergraduates of this great free-thinking west appear so politically moribund? Our university life shows no interest in matters beyond the campus limits. We are too provincial. It is a very rare occasion to hear in our halls a discussion of matters of federal or political concern. Even the debarring of seventy per cent. of the university students from the exercise of their privilege of voting at the forthcoming federal election, obnoxious and iniquitous as it may be, has been taken as a matter of course. The election will be upon us in less than a month. The rest of the populace will be interested, stirred, agitated. But the dear old university life will refuse to be excited or disturbed. While "ordinary" men and women are discussing tariff, immigration and railways in their spare moments, we, the highly trained minds, will be arguing about the "Charleston" or bewailing the early winter.

It is a great achievement for our university to pour out, each year, men and women who are academically perfect and socially supreme, but there is something lacking in our student life when she turns out graduates who are just as ignorant of public matters, and just as indifferent of political affairs, as they were on the day they entered her halls as frosh.

JAIL FOR SMOKERS?

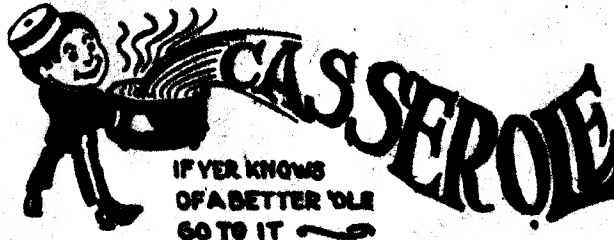
If there is one thing which, more than another, lowers the dignity of an authoritative body, it is its failure to enforce its proclaimed laws. Such a failure indicates either that the ruling body is unable to put into force its mandates, or regards them as unworthy of support.

Consider the question of smoking in the halls of the University lecture buildings. Everyone knows that there is a law against smoking. Everyone can see the signs of warning posted about the buildings. But this generation doesn't believe in signs. In each building a suitable room is provided where the men may smoke. But one cannot smoke in the Common Room unless he would forego the pleasure of seeing the co-eds passing down the halls. Evidently this is too much to expect of any man.

The law regarding smoking in the halls should be enforced vigorously and at once; or else it should be done away with. A clutter of unenforceable laws on our statute books is a reflection on the ability of our executive. Let us have effective laws or none.

LORELEI

They have gone, these warm, lazy, summer days. Holiday time is over, and the frosty air spurs the flagging spirit to its winter toil. Alas, it is sad that everything must be evanescent, and that the real savor and appreciation of joys comes when they are past, and we live them over in retrospect. A rustle of wind amongst the dead leaves, an unexpected breath of cold air, what memories they conjure up. Again the ceaseless swish and beat of the sea sounds, like a great wind in the tops of the pines, and fresh and invigorating comes the tangy sea-breeze, hurrying and jostling the dappled waves in its eagerness to leap, with a cool rush, into your face. Ah, vain remorse for too carelessly spent hours, it stirs vaguer emotions of discontent and subtle sorrow. Each red and gold



J-m-i C-i-n says: Chesterfields are for two purposes. One is to beautify the parlor.

Teacher, reading to kindergarten: "And the dragon came belching forth—"
Youngster: "And did he excuse himself?"

All shouts of "Stop! Stop!" from the back of a taxi are not meant for the driver.

Prof. in English: "For next week I want an essay entitled, 'The greatest thrill of my life.'"
Freshette Campbell: "You won't show my story to Miss Dodd, will you?"

Bright Boy: "How did you enjoy your visit to the Dean's office?"
Gross Boy: "Oh, I got a great kick out of it."

Teacher: "What is the opposite of misery?"
Pupil: "Happiness."
Teacher: "And what is the opposite of woe?"
Pupil: "Giddap."

Vic. Weir: "Would you mind if I called you 'Mabel'?"
She: "No; but I'd think it funny. My name is Elsie."

Euclid 1925

He (in big roadster): "Are you going north?"
She (on foot): "Oh, my gosh, yes."
He: "Thanks, I wasn't sure of my direction."

Drama:

Scene I—Eskimo.
Scene II—Eskimo and polar bear.
Scene III—Eskimo and fur coat.

This week's wise crack: The less chaste, the more chased.

Speaking of the faculty—just because bread is the staff of life is no reason why the life of the staff should be one continuous loaf.

The relation of Riff to midriff is apparently identical with that of sex to Middlesex.

Bessie (at the Saturday hop): "Hubby, do you know Miss McQueen?"
Helen (being introduced): "Oh, congratulations, Bessie!"

Eleanor: "I want my mail."
P.M.: "Haven't seen your male. Who is he?"

Jimmy Bill: "You need a car, Mr. Weir. I'll sell you mine."
Mr. Weir: "Have you got change for a five?"

The daily stolen poem:
Down by
The Old Mill
He tried to kiss her,
But she said
She wouldn't kiss him by a dam site.

Have you noticed the "lid" that Geof. Hewelcke sports? He claims the Prince of Wales gave it to him. No wonder.

Class '26: "Does that freshman know anything about athletics?"
Class '28: "Not a thing. He thinks a pole vault is a bank in Warsaw."

Hang it! The editor man censored all the good ones again. I knew he would. Well, come around to the office some time, and we'll swap a few good ones.

THE WHITE MONKEY

In reply to numerous inquiries, we wish to state firmly and decisively: NO, the editor of this column is NOT Tarzan.

Egbert was a timid soul, but it was his first assignment, and he must needs make good, for had he not a mother and twelve little brothers and sisters to support, to say nothing of his newly-married girlfriend and their already large family, which included a dog, three cats, a parrot and two goldfish. Egbert wiped away a tear as he thought of his happy, happy home. Strongfeet—how he loved to chase Minnie around and around the living room. True, he had smashed that new kippelwhite antique only last night, but then Strongfeet was just a jolly puppy. And Charley, something of a rake-hell, as cats go, trying to play with Ctuyvesant and Vanderbilt, and getting his paws all wet. We really must tell you of Egbert's family life sometime, if you will remind us. Will you? So sweet of you, dear.

Egbert jumped into his powerful, imported Lincoln Four and sped away to that innermost rendezvous and sanctum of the socially elite, The Green Onion. To one of the hoi-polloi, the exclusive supper club,

leaf as it swirls through the frosty air weaves a mystic flaming symbol that, like a sorcerer's gesture, has some strange power over the heart. It sinks to rest, there amongst its shriveled fellows on the cold damp ground, and the air carries upwards the sour, characteristic odor of the woods in autumn. How great the temptation to run away to lands of sunshine, to eat lotus, to dream in fields of poppy, to be lazy, lazy. They call those sun-baked, misty lands, but we are chained, for it is the White Man alone who must fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run. A windy sigh is heard, and gracefully, with just a little swirl and flirt, the last leaf floats down, down, and settles on the cold dark waters of the river. It floats off and down the stream, till it is lost in the reflection of the last rays of the setting sun.



Re \$10.00 Additional Fee For Non-Resident Students

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I was not surprised to see in your first issue a letter discussing the \$10.00 additional fee imposed on out of resident students. I have yet to speak to a student who has thought this measure fair; in fact, most of the men with whom I have discussed the question are of the opinion that it is a case of rank discrimination.

Now, discrimination is an ugly word, especially when it is used in connection with the policy of an institution with as high ideals as we impute to our great University, but it is the only word I have found to fit the question.

Of course, my viewpoint is from the outside. Unquestionably the men responsible for the action thought themselves justified in bringing it into effect, but until their motive is understood by the students it is going to continue to be a subject of unfavorable comment. Furthermore, if any weight can be attached to the statement often made that there is a feeling of aloofness between resident and non-resident students, there is nothing which would tend to accentuate this feeling more than the fact that there exists discrimination in favor of one group. As a matter of fact the "Powers That Be" have, perhaps unwittingly, but nevertheless surely, given voice to the fact that there is a sharp line between the resident and non-resident student—perhaps even drawn that line themselves—when it should be their purpose to promote unity and friendship. Certainly the action requires some explanation.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. O. ASPLUND.

PROMINENT PEOPLE ARE INTERVIEWED

Selnes, Piper, McVeigh and Others Give Their Views to Our Staff Reporter

In an effort to clear up some of the leading problems around the campus, The Gateway has secured a number of exclusive interviews from several of the outstanding characters around the University. These little personal chats are red-hot and up-to-the-minute. Another evidence of the service this paper is able to give to its paid-up subscribers.

Mr. Selnes, middle wing of our returning squad, seems very anxious to talk. "Defeated," he says. "Yes, we win, but that score doesn't mean what it says. We weren't in good shape and we had inexperienced men on the team and the ground was slippery, and I wasn't feeling so awfully well. Piper and O'Brien and Hill wouldn't wait on me, and I couldn't catch up. Besides there was a fellow on the Calgary line that resembled McVeigh, and I didn't like to do anything to anger him. Dicky Woods is a poor sport, and I said that to Potter after the game, but Wink won't tell. Well, I'm in great shape this year, and we'll win this next game on Saturday. Yes, we had a nice time. Don't let's talk any more about rugby. I see Red coming. Let's talk about girls."

Piper dropped into The Gateway office the other day. "Why don't you fellows come round and interview me once in a while. I don't see where you'll get any interest worked up in this column if you don't feature me. Don't you want the date and place of my birth and the turning points of my life? You don't? What do you think about how I initiated the freshmen this year? You don't? Well, now! Well, it isn't as if I was anxious to tell you at all. I'm not anxious. But I'm willing. Do you think all the freshmen really know who this Piper is that they hear so much about? Do you want to know what I think about somebody? Do you know that I take a bigger collar than I do a hat? You're not interested, eh? Well, I'll be round again."

"Come in!" said Richardson. "I know what you want. You want to hear about how I razed the Frosh. I fool 'em. I always do. You see, I'm a junior, but I became a Soph while

situated as it is in the heart of the slums, must appear to be, at worst, a dive, at best, an under-the-pavement tea-room. But then, they have never been within. Egbert, too, had never been within. Apprehension palpitated his pulses as he reluctantly descended from his motor. Yes, his worst fears were realized. A ruffianly lout lurched up to that cringing form. With a low moan Egbert sped into the entrance of The Green Onion, unheeding the plaintive query, "Mister, how's chances for the price o' a cup o' coffee?"

Past three doorkeepers and a policeman, and poor Egbert halted aghast. Such a clat, such a profusion! A young poet, dressed in a peek-a-boo smock, was standing nearby, lending atmosphere to the scene. Casually she put her arm around his neck and blew a smoke-ring toward where the Younger Drinking Set were shoulder-to-shoulder through "Dirty Dog Blues." She kissed him. Egbert was pained and upset. What if his wife—his wife—"Er, have a drink?" he stammered politely, and bolted without his flask.

The maitre d'hotel led the way to the private room where the banquet was being held. It was a very private room, so private that the maitre blew a horn and sent up a rocket before entering. It was a mixed banquet—so mixed, in fact, that the Nice Young People were quite tangled up. The only one standing was the great Red, in whose honor the repast was

held. He was concluding his speech of appreciation.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," the great Red was saying, "now I shall divulge to you the secret of my greatness, the factors that were responsible for that great honor which this banquet celebrates." The voice sank to a rich whisper, pregnant with emotion. "Just three little precepts have made me what I am today, and I must bare my soul of them for the good of future generations." A sob choked the voice. Egbert noticed a deuced pretty blonde that didn't seem to be occupied. "The first precept is neither more nor less than a bit of practical advice. 'Never hit a woman with a child; always use something else.' The second has been found useful to all sorts of people. 'In case of fire, lie down. Do not run to the nearest, if any, exit. The third'—the voice was hoarse with emotion. Tears rose to Egbert's eyes as he realized what this soul-confession meant to the mighty man. He caught the eye of that blonde, and she winked a wicked little wink at him. He smiled a smile back. "The third, ladies and gentlemen, sums up in a few words all that all the philosophers and poets of all the ages have tried to teach us. Any man"—the voice broke, but continued bravely—"any man who will ill-treat his mother, a horse will bite." Overcome with emotion Egbert rushed up and wrung Red's hand. They fell into each other's arms. That blonde, Egbert noticed, had nice ankles.

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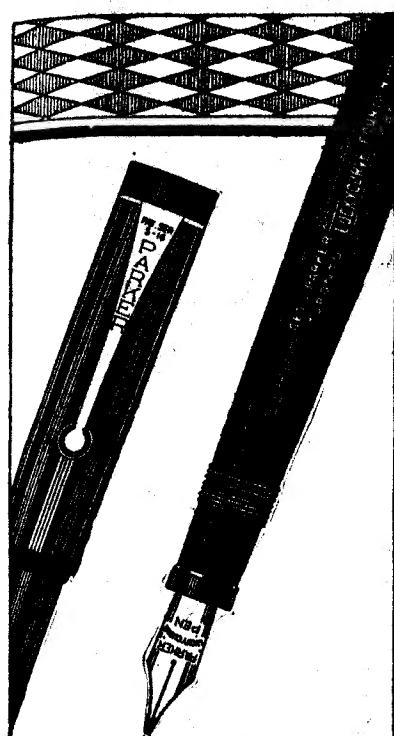
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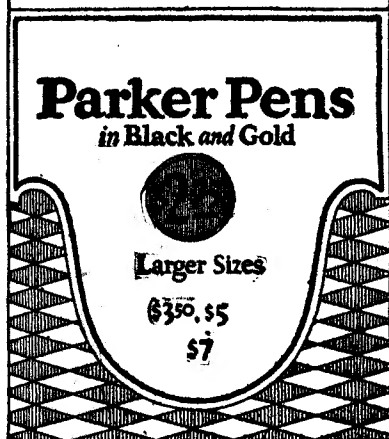


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INITIATION PROVES CHAMPIONSHIP DOPE

Freshette Describes Ceremony Without Stopping for Breath

Another laurel has been added to Alberta's name. One of her freshettes was recently awarded the championship medal offered to the woman who could talk the longest about one subject without stopping for breath. Each entry was recorded verbatim, and the Alberta entry was found to be miles ahead of her nearest rival. Below is a report of her effort, made in Pembina Hall, in conversation with her next-door neighbor.

"Kid, you missed it being the first to go through. Each trial was a convulsion in itself. Howdja feel anyway, blindfolded there, with the smell of the pine-needles in your nostrils, the rattling of drums and the savage war-whoops assaulting your ears? Just a wee bit thrilled, huh? Me, too. And speaking of trials, that

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COMING EVENTS

October 15—
Waukegan Society Meeting, 4:30.
October 16—
Engineering Club, 4:30;
Mining and Geological Society, 4:30; Commerce Club, 4:30; Woman's Athletic Meeting, 4:30; (Evening) Med. Club, 7 p.m., Gym.
October 17—
Rugby, Calgary vs Varsity, Varsity grid.
October 19—
Debate Club, 4:30; Press Club, 4:30; Pharmacy Club, 4:30.
October 20—
(Evening) Council meeting.
October 21—
French Club, 4:30; Engineering Club, 4:30; Glee Club, 4:30; Agricultural Club, 4:30.
The listing of coming events will be a regular feature of The Gateway service. Any organization wishing announcement of its meetings should inform L. Kindt, Schedule Man.

jury was certainly the most agreeable one in the world. As even a dumb-bell knows, a jury has only two verdicts. In this case "Guilty" was both of them. You know Gladys Fry. She was accused of being hard-boiled instead of fried and given the third degree. Auds was charged with being a gold-digger 'cause she's taking dentistry, while another unfortunate was hauled up on the mat for burning gasoline between dances on Saturday night. But the fairest and most deserved decision of all was when Ruth was given the nth degree for answering a question correctly in English 2. Fifteen rals for the jury—long may they rave. Well, so as not to digress (no, Dumb, a digress is not a female negro—don't talk through your nose)—as I was saying, time crept slowly on, just as it does in the movie sub-titles, and I was called upon to arise and come forth. Now, that was foolish, telling me to come fourth when I was already about the twenty-seventh one they had called; but I got up anyway just to show them I was broad-minded. No, I'm not sayin' what my particular crime was, but anyway I was awarded the nth degree. You just got the first degree, didn't you? Baby, lemme tell you, that was nothing—just a mere nothing—just a mere nothing compared with my punishment. According to Algebra, mine was just n times worse. I don't know what n stands for, but I do know what I had to stand for. I reckon you had to turn somersaults too. You said it, kid, that floor was hard! My head felt as if it had got in the way of a steam-roller. Well, after being ducked and then thoroughly smeared with some kind of sticky goo, my conductor asked—may, insisted—that I go for a ride in her li'l red wheelbarrow. As the seat was very small and very sharp, and as I had to ride with both legs sticking straight out into space, you can imagine that it was not quite so comfortable as a Stutz roadster. Did you have to slide down those bumps? And crawl through the tables too? Then you know what a sensation that was.

The Sophs were so helpful and encouraging all through, weren't they. "C'mon," they would urge, "all you have to do is to walk steadily along that four-inch window ledge, and when I holler you must jump down." Then they intimated that it would afford them pleasure if I lay face downward and wriggled up a certain slope a la alligator—I am not stuttering—I will say, though, that I felt more like a legless hippopotamus. In this feat the Sophs materially assisted my rate of progress by well-placed blows with pillows.

They didn't give you anything to drink, did they? I thought not—you look much too cheerful and healthy this morning. I really must get the recipe for that putrid stuff they made me drink. Ugh! Makes me gag to think of it. It would be such a handy thing to have around the house to poison stray cats and the like.

The ceremony in Convocation Hall was pretty, wasn't it? Oh, I don't mean the Freshettes—we were awful spectacles—but the spruce trees and the wigmans 'n the Indian braves wrapped in blankets, 'n the firelight, n' everything.

But, say, did you ever get all that black stuff off? Last night I had three showers and a tub bath, and I scrubbed my face until one whole layer of spin peeled off, but this morning I found a big smear of black behind my left ear. Look n'see if it's clean yet, will yuh?"

AGGIES HOLD FIRST BUSINESS MEETING

The first meeting of the Ag Club in the present session was held on Friday afternoon last, with President Charlie Asplund in the chair.

On account of the non-return of Bill Harper, elected to the post of secretary-treasurer at the final meeting last spring, nominations were opened and voted upon, Ted Brunson being elected to the position. Bill Martin was the choice of the graduates as representative on the executive, while Tom Askin was picked to serve the Freshmen in like capacity.

It was the unanimous decision of the members that the honorary presidency for this session be tendered to Prof. R. D. Sinclair.

Much business of importance was very thoroughly discussed, and initial plans for what promises to be the most successful year in the club's history were laid.

An executive meeting was held on Monday of this week, at which the form of the club's annual function was dealt with, as were also other matters of concern to Ags. Completed plans for the activities of the season will be tabled at the next regular meeting.

Dramat Makes Appeal For Support

Freshmen Advised to Consider the Dramatic Society as Field for Student Endeavor—Competition Play Night Soon

One of the first pieces of advice usually offered to new students coming to the University is to look around at the many student activities which are carried on in the University apart from lectures, and to identify themselves with at least one in which they have an interest and to get the most out of it for themselves by contributing some of their time and energy in working for the good of the University in that activity.

Among the many freshmen and freshettes who enrolled this year, as well as among other students, there must be a great many who have a secret conviction that if they only had a chance they would be capable of great achievements in the histrionic art, who, in fact, feel that with the right kind of training and encouragement they might very easily develop into second Garricks or Sarah Bernhards.

The purpose of this article is to inform those aspirants that there is in the University a real opportunity for developing such latent talent in the Dramatic Society.

The University of Alberta Dramatic Society is conceded by every-

VARSITY FALLS PREY TO CALGARY SQUAD IN GRID GAME 34-5

Calgary Has Best Representative Team of Years

Calgary Tigers 34, Varsity 5. Well, folks, that's the summary of the first grid encounter of the season played for the enjoyment of the fans of Calgary at Hillhurst Park on Saturday. The green and gold put up a hard fight, but the difference in condition and training told the story and returned a winner accordingly. The homesters, with plenty of reserves and almost two weeks more training, opened up a relentless attack from the first whistle, and swept the Varsity squad to the defensive and kept them there for almost the whole game. The Tigers are a heavy and well drilled outfit, and shone out brilliantly as a team against the losers, who exhibited a lack of knowledge at times of signals and plays that made great openings, which the Southerners quickly took advantage of.

The Calgary aggregation is claimed to be the sweetest line-up presented in the play-off series by the Cowtown for several moons. In Saturday's game they looked like a team of stars, both offensively and defensively. Their heavy line not only holds against the opposition, but has that happy faculty of tearing up the other line for the back-field men to charge through. Hanna was a big racket for the winners, and with him Strong, who apparently is all his name implies; Horsfall, Elder, Ellis, Bradley, Dodds and Woods all had a share in making the afternoon's encounter what it turned out to be.

For Varsity, Henderson, Hill, McLaren, Potter, McDonald and Ferguson were the bright lights. Bob Hill went over the line for a try in the final spasm for Varsity's five markers. "Red" McLaren and "Wink" Potter were the only ones able to smack the opposing line to advantage. "Hendy" ran into difficulties, soon after the opening, in the form of a charley-horse which handicapped his style for the rest of the performance.

Although the score is not the cheeriest thing in the world, the boys have their heads up, and feel that another week's practice combined with the experience gained in the last tilt will stand them in good stead for the next game. The score indicates a greater difference in the teams than there actually is, it is felt, and don't be surprised if the tables are turned on Saturday.

Tigers.	Varsity.
Hanna.....	Halves.....
Thompson.....	Piper.....
Horsfall.....	Hill.....
Strong.....	McLaren.....
Ross.....	Quarter.....
Woods.....	Henderson.....
Dodds.....	Insides.....
Potter.....	McCalla.....
Ferguson.....	Middles.....
Bradley.....	Selnes.....
Zeigler.....	Outsides.....
MacLeod.....	Young.....
Langton.....	Centre.....
K. Elder.....	Subs.....
Philpotts.....	O'Brien.....
Weinies.....	MacKenzie.....
McFadden.....	Woods.....
Mouatt.....	McCallum.....
Elder.....	
Gideon.....	
Taylor.....	
Officials: Ferguson, McTeer and Ross.	

GLEE CLUB ON WAY

The second meeting of the Varsity Glee Club was held in the Medical Building on Friday, October 8th, with an attendance of twenty-five.

Mr. Nichols dwelt for a short time on his plans and expectations in regard to the Glee Club for the coming year. The Club, he said, had originally been formed merely as a source of enjoyment for any who derived pleasure from it, but had gradually been called upon to take its part in other social bodies of Varsity life. He said that while a hundred members could be used, a great success could be made with from twenty-five to forty, if they all took an active interest in the club and appeared at every meeting.

Mr. Nichols expressed the hope that, at the installation of the Memorial Organ, on November 11th, the Glee Club would be able to give "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," a very high-class part song which he had obtained from England.

A suitable day for the regular meeting, and one which will not clash with the plans of any other organization is being arranged.

one to be one of the most successful activities in which students can engage.

For many years it has been building up a reputation for ambitious and successful productions, and it is no idle boast to say that its productions rank second to none in amateur work in the province.

There are a few in the University who can still recall its inception some fifteen years ago, and there are still one or two pioneers who helped present the first spring play on an improvised stage in the gymnasium of Athabasca Hall, with make-shift lighting, and scenery and properties of (it is recorded) a very primitive type indeed.

These pioneers will doubtless tell you, however, that in spite of these difficulties those early productions were just as successful, and they made up in individual talent what they lacked in stage effects.

Since then its progress has been steady until in recent years it has been able to stage such hazardous plays as "Dear Brutus" and "The Admirable Crichton," with its difficult scenic and lighting effects with remarkable success.

The chief purpose of the Dramatic Society, however, is not merely to produce successful plays, but also to provide a means by which students may get a more intimate acquaintance with the drama and with the work of the great dramatists of all ages. Few branches of literature offer greater possibilities for cultural development and enjoyment than the drama, and as soon as students begin to interest themselves in dramatic work their education in dramatic appreciation begins also, and there is no means of estimating the possible advantages which result from these beginnings in after years.

In fact, it might be here pointed out that one man who quite fortuitously entered into the Dramatic Society work of the University some years ago is now at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, and has been for some time a very successful actor.

One of the most popular events of the year is the inter-faculty competition plays. These will be held this year in the first week of December, and consists of a one-act play put on

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Well, and what were the changes? Ask yourself. You don't know. Certainly not. But I'll tell you.

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There are yellow curtains on the windows. What do these mean to you? Nothing. But they meant something to Charlie Warren. Can you not visualize the conflict that went on within Charlie as to whether they would be yellow or old-rose or rotten egg? Can you not see him decide on pink and switch to sand and ponder on mauve blue, and finally pick Calgary yellow, and after they were hung up wish that he had chosen dirty shirt. The curtain rods might have been brown, but he chose brass rods. Certainly they could have been brown.

It was the new waitress that hit on the Chinese lanterns. Not the auburn-haired one, but the black lady. No, not a colored lady. The black-haired one, I mean. The nice one. The one that looks at your nose while she says, "And coffee?" She's a darn nice girl that, I wonder now—well, never mind—but she smiled and I saw it—the brass rods are good.

What do you think of the other one? Did you notice her at all? Very pretty lips, I think. And the way she looks over her shoulder at you from the pie place is extremely charming. An extraordinary, uncommonly pretty, darn nice comfortable looking girl, I'd say, with likable personality.

But, say, did you notice those two circular pictures at the south end? Of course you did. Well, now do you think they are all right, or don't you. Now, I like those pictures, and I know my Uncle Charlie would. Ever know my Uncle Charlie? Gay old dog he was. Well, about those pictures. Mother wouldn't care for them at all. Too risky or risqué—same thing. She'd say those fairies should have socks on, but then, what does Mother know about frescoes? They are Frescoes—aren't they?

I heard a Soph call them that, and he'd know. The Soph said to the Senior person, "What's these frescoes about? I ain't much on them things, bein' an engineer." His interlocutor, the Senior person, was very nice with him after that. That black-haired waitress wouldn't be more than 18, would she. Don't you think that

Why a College Education?

(From Queens University Journal)

A great educator once said that if a man learned nothing else at college, but had learned to concentrate, that his college course was a success. These are words pregnant with meaning. We wish that this great man had explained whether he meant concentration upon one thing for the whole four years, or concentration upon each thing during each of the four years.

From another source we hear that the proper study of mankind is man. Presumably one purpose of a college education is to give a man that proper outlook upon his fellow man which is so necessary to his success in the world after he gets out. This authority then takes no account of the "book larnin'" which seems to have somehow become identified with a college education.

In these distinguished columns Ramsay McDonald has been quoted as saying that an education must endow a man with certain spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, and rational and sane. Here indeed is a poser for the eminent educationalists.

Lucille's sister has grown so during the past year? I think.

That fence was suggested to Charlie by the Aggies. Charlie isn't much on handling stock, but I see he has been educated some. But what I don't understand is why he got a high board fence, for a pole would be plenty.

What warms my heart most is the refrigerator. It has 18-inch walls and guaranteed to give a chill to a chicken at long range. That has been a necessity for years. A new steam table in the kitchen has been installed to bring the chicken back to normal. Perhaps the latter is superfluous.

A new radio set is on trial, and if it is satisfactory it will be installed. This winter we can look forward to the very best Olds and WFKL emanations. It is primarily intended to counteract speeds chesty bass, lest the beast should inflict himself on the clientele. Duteel bullying the soup could not be relied upon in that contingency.

A frame building is being erected on the south side of the cafe. This will be used as a garage, a mortuary, a smoke-room, a padded cell for temperamental freshmen and a handy place to meet the bootlegger. It may also be used as a meat house or a church.

The proprietor has surely improved the place this summer, and declares that from now on he is going to promote a live business. As you know, he has a flourishing business in the city, the Tuck Shop being a new venture last year. He aims to co-ordinate the two as much as possible, and in this he seeks the co-operation of the students and faculty. Let us all join in wishing that his expectation may be realized.

who have the youth of the nation in their charge. An editorial comment upon this quotation bravely translated it as meaning that an education should enable a man to adapt himself to his surroundings. This indeed seems to be the purpose of a college education. The average University certainly seems to be able to stage an unlimited supply of "surroundings." We are surrounded with everything imaginable. Whatever atmosphere we seek is ours for the taking. If we revel in physical combat, what better place to find it than at college, where each season brings its quota of multiple and varied athletic activities. If we seek the mad-dening whirl of social activities, innumerable dances, great and small, will satisfy us to satiety. If we seek a rather more cultured outlet for our exuberance, nearly all colleges have their list of publications, debating clubs, etc., ad infinitum. But we feel that there is something wrong in all this. Where is there a man who can adapt himself to the multitude of "surroundings" with which every college is filled? If we may be pardoned for trespassing upon a ground where we are far from being at home, we would mention a little selection from that noted writer, Bernard Shaw. He said in effect that the great men were those who adapted their surroundings to themselves.

How can we apply this to ourselves, situated in the position of undergraduates in a university where we have come, or where we have been sent, for the purpose of "being educated." That is indeed a problem. In order to do this properly one would have to start with the newly matriculated man. He, presumably, wishes to get the most possible out of his four years in an institution of higher learning. He cannot do this, however, if he goes about it in the haphazard way which most men follow when first coming to college. In the first place he should be examined as to his fitness to enter into that profession or business for which his courses are ultimately supposed to fit him. Much drudgery and wasted time could be saved if some such psychological tests could be given to the entering student as

were given to the men drafted into the American army (see Prof. Humphry's text on the "Mind"). The student might at least find out for what he is not fitted.

Then there might be a questionnaire issued to the matriculant, upon which would be questions regarding the past experience of the applicant and his aspirations, if any. For instance, we might ask him: Is co-education a big surprise to you? or, Have you ever played a musical instrument? or again, Besides playing on the Senior rugby team what else would you like to do most before leaving college?

In this way we would have something of a line upon each man as he enters, and could profitably advise him as to the most appropriate courses, both curriculum and extra-curriculum, for him to follow. The man who used to be the life of the parties back in Smithville could be prevented from dissipating too much of his time at the Social Evenings, and could learn humility and public service by acting as a member of some of the many committees which are involved in student government. The budding politician and organizer could find his outlet in the same manner, while the athletic "find" could be shown his relative place with a maximum benefit both to himself and to the university.

We are sure that there is many a dark horse hiding among the undergraduates at the present time who could do useful service for the community and to themselves if it were not for the present system of giving those who have work to do, still more work to do, thereby destroying the interest of the majority in college activities and at the same time sickening, by repetition, the minority of their valuable service.

If you have bothered to read this far you will no doubt exclaim: "Applesauce." However, we here at Queen's boast of a small college, and we should be able to turn this fact to a distinct advantage in the cultivating of a very fine college spirit, which is quite different from the spirit which permits interfaculty wars or indulges in uproarious orgies at the Frolic, a spirit similar to that which turns us out in force to cheer a football team to victory or that which unites the Queen's Alumni in a bond which, a distinguished Varsity man said, is stronger than that uniting any other Alumni.

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A dip in the swimming pool, which is kept always at a temperature of 80 degrees, affords a refreshing change after a day spent in the lecture room.

The secretaries at the "Y" are always pleased to talk things over with students, and invite them to visit the building at 100A Street and 102A Avenue, on the north side.

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LISTER'S BAKERY
107th Street and Jasper Ave.
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EVERGREEN AND GOLD

Financial Statement for the Year 1924-25

Income	
Surplus 1923-24	\$ 40.75
Less Outstandings	7.50
	\$ 33.25
Advertising	545.00
Circulation	1,480.56
Other Sources	68.34
Outstanding Accounts	63.25
	\$2,190.40

Expenditure	
Printing and Publishing (617 copies)	\$1,609.00
Cuts and Art Work	358.25
General Expenses	51.19
Outstanding Expenses	13.40
Surplus:	
Transferred to Covered Rink Fund	\$75.00
Balance forward to 1925-26	83.56
	\$2,190.40

Signed,
PERCY G. DAVIES,
Director.
MALCOLM L. WALLACE,
Business Manager.

GREETINGS OF
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Corner of Jasper on 101st Street
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Pythias—“I certainly am. I'd do anything in the world for you. Yes, anything!”
Damon—“All right—prove it! Give me back that Eldorado pencil you borrowed last night.”

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PANTAGES

This Week—Starting Thursday Matinee

Ladies' Two-For-One Matinee

Any Lady Purchasing a Ticket is entitled to bring One Lady as her guest FREE.

Lucky Seat Matinee—Friday Matinee

Some Real Gifts will be given to those holding the Lucky Seats

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This will be a “Knock-out” with the Famous “Fashionettes” All Girl Jazz Band.

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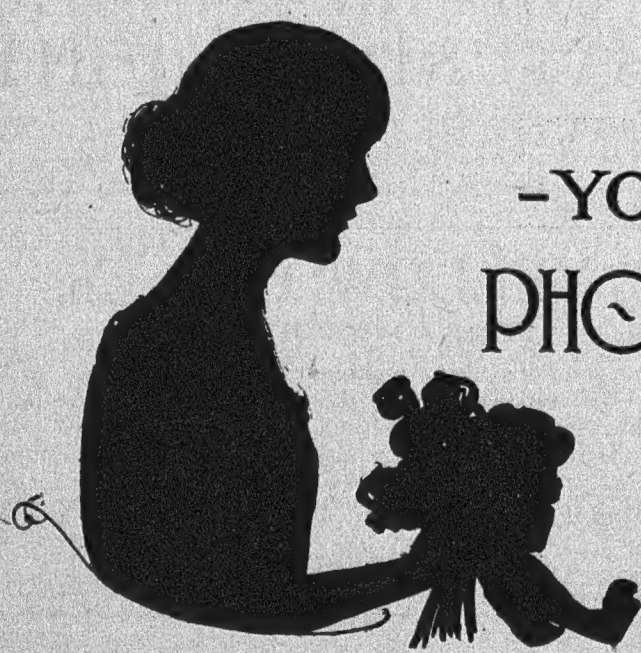
WALTER FENNER
In “High-Low-Brown”
Assisted by Richard Ranier and Goldie Reeves

MASON & ZUDORA
In “Look Out”

SELINA'S CIRCUS
A Variety of Trained Animals

Bring the Children to Pantages Saturday to See Selina's Circus—Every Boy and Girl will be given a 5c piece of Candy.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS'S



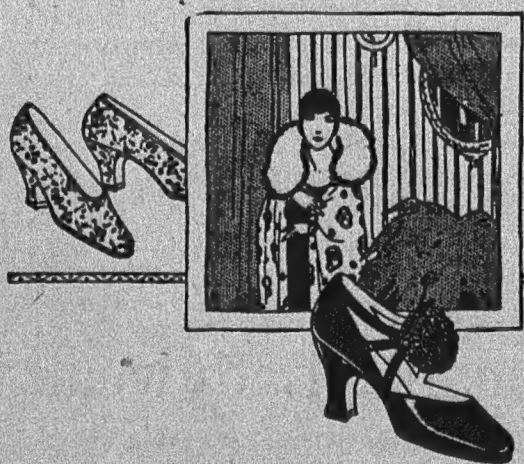
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—YOUR
—PHOTOGRAPH

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CONGRATULATIONS TO B.C. UNIVERSITY

British Columbia Students Finally Move Into Splendid New Quarters at Point Grey

The students of the University of Alberta extend their congratulations to the students at the University of British Columbia.

After ten years in the old Vancouver General Hospital buildings, the University of B.C. is now housed in their new quarters at Point Grey. Their site and their buildings almost rival Alberta's in Edmonton.

The permanent buildings—a science building and the library—are constructed of B.C. granite. Their semi-permanent buildings, namely, a forestry building, power house, Applied Science building, Arts building, auditorium and administration building, are well constructed, and in many places would hardly be called semi-permanent.

The students are naturally handicapped as far as athletic activities are concerned due to the move. As yet they have no gymnasium for basketball and other indoor sports, and their playing fields will be of little use this season.

The classrooms and laboratories, however, were ready for use on the opening day, Sept. 22.

The enrolment is said to exceed 1,500, and as the University is not in the heart of Vancouver, by any means, the transportation problem was a big one. The British Columbia Electric R.R. by a combination street car and bus service at a very reasonable rate handles the crowds of rah rah boys and girls with real efficiency.

The Ubysey, the college paper, has been published since University opened, but The Gateway has not received a copy yet. A change in the form of the paper was contemplated last fall.

It is to be hoped that our athletes and our debaters will be able to enter into competition with the U.B.C., so that a spirit of friendly rivalry can be obtained and so that the two Universities can become better acquainted.

British Columbia, we wish you success.

C. O. T. C.

Contingent Orders, Part I, No. 21-25, by Lieut.-Colonel F. A. Stewart Dunn, Commanding U. of A. Contingent, C.O.T.C.

Parades.

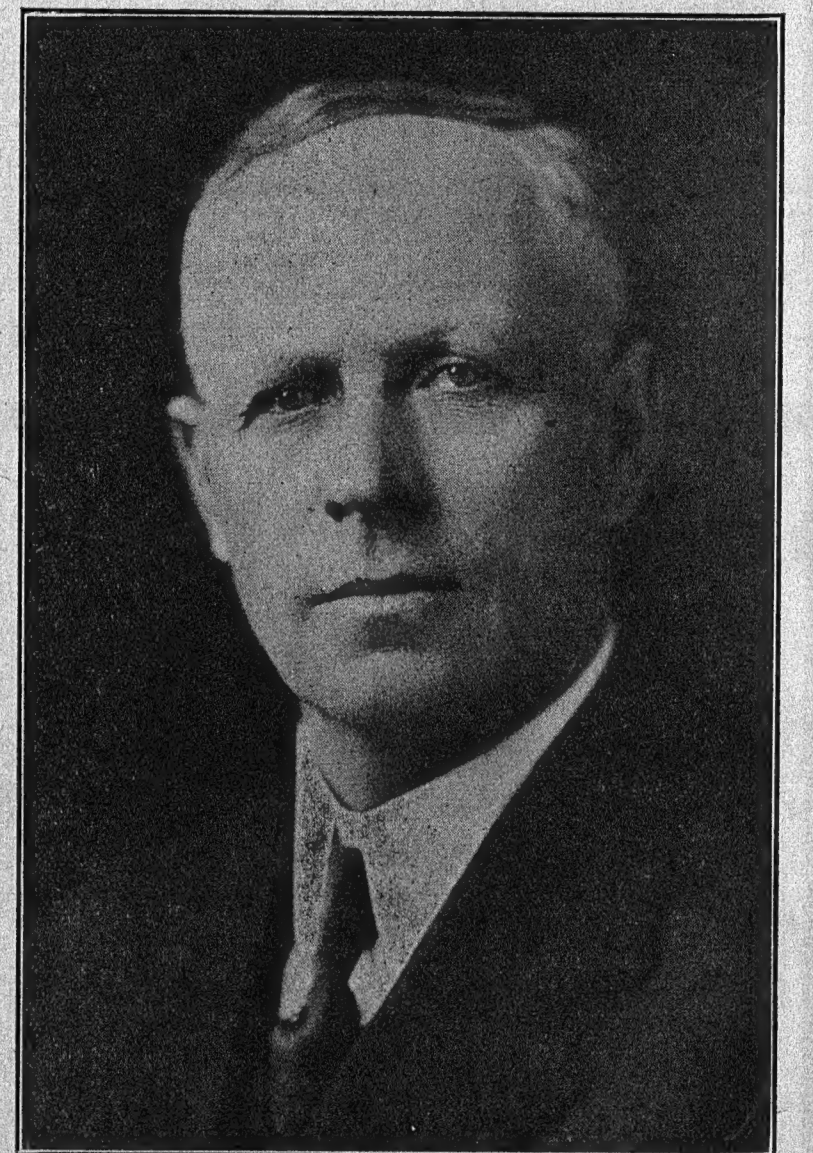
Thursday, Oct. 15th: The whole unit, i.e., officers, other ranks, new members and any others who intend to join, will report to Room 142, Medical Building, at 4:30 p.m., on Thursday, October 15th.

Dress: Civilian clothes with caps and overcoats.

Band.
All members of last years' band and any new members who wish to join the band this year, will bring their instruments to Thursday's parade as above.

Rifle Team.
It is proposed to enter a team from this unit for the Dominion Inter-Varsity Rifle Competition this year, and as this has to be fired on the outdoor range, it is important that some practices are performed before the weather breaks. The names of those members who are anxious to be tried out for this team will be taken on Thursday's parade.

PERCY G. DAVIES,
(For) Captain and Adjutant,
U. of A. Contingent C.O.T.C.



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Edited by Viv Leech



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U. OF A. TRACK MEN LEAVE TONIGHT

Big Fall Meet to Be Staged in
Winnipeg on Saturday

AUBS BRIGHT CAPTAIN

New Members of Local Team
Counted on to Hold Their
Own

This evening a selected number of athletes with green and gold sweaters, running trunks and shoes tucked into club bags, will climb on board the eastbound rattler for the great city of Winnipeg, the home of the University of Manitoba, under whose auspices the annual W.C.A.U. Track Meet is to be held on Saturday, October 17th. The local squad will be under the guardian wings of Aubs Bright and Cliff Osterland, the two seasoned veterans of the team.

Last year the meet was staged locally, and the U. of A. finished a strong second, only headed by the Manitoba boys. While there will be quite a number of changes in the local team they plan on climbing nearer the top than ever this time. Among the missing will be listed Fred Russell, Hugh Crawford, Calvin MacRae, Eric Cormack, Stan. Barker and several others of note in the realm of spiked shoes and cinder tracks. However, we still have with us, aside from Osterland, Bright and Lundy, along with such newcomers as Sproule, Cutsungavich, Werthenbach, McLean or Willis, Walker and Allin.

Aubs Bright, the track club head, will lead the boys into the fray. Bright will be the entry in all the weight events as the discus, hammer throw, shot put and javelin throw. If the big fellow is in anything like the form he displayed Tuesday on the grid we will expect to see at least two or three records fall during the course of the day's events. Aubs has a happy faculty of taking a strange hold on first places in these events, and everyone at home will be pulling for him to top the lists and return again to his Alma Mater an aggregate champion for the second successive year.

Cliff Osterland needs no introduction to the track track followers locally. On Tuesday he stepped out and garnered in 20 points to land the inter-faculty individual championship for the second time in as many years. Last year Cliff was held out of the W.C.A.U. meet on account of his amateur standing not being all that it should be, but this difficulty is now thought to be smoothed over, and Aussie will represent Alberta in the weight events, jumps and hurdles. Sproule, the new man, earned himself a position on the team by his great showing in the mile and three mile contests. This chap is a wonderful distance runner, and as an able successor to Cormack, is expected to open the eyes of the eastern runners on Saturday.

Cutsungavich will be seen to advantage in the 440 and half-mile events. Cut is not exactly a newcomer, having appeared in the local track meet a year ago, but this seems to be the Med's big year, and great things are expected from him over the week-end.

Werthenbach and Lundy will line up in the 100 yard and 220 yard sprints, and anyone finishing ahead of them will be some Nurmi or Paddock in disguise. Fritz will carry the colors at the jumping pit and in the hurdles, and should be counted on to swell the Alberta total at the big affair.

Allin belongs to the jumping class, and will team up with Osterland and Werthenbach here. He will endeavor to shoot up the record in the running high jump, and will also feature in the running broad. Walker will be the utility man and likely be used in the sprints, where he shows his best form. McLean and Willis are distance men, and will be running mates of Sproule in these events.

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Discount to Students

Rugby Squad Expects to turn Tables on Calgary Saturday

Team in Much Better Shape For the Final Exhibition Before Play-off
Series—"Red" McLaren Captain—Large Turnout of
Student Body Expected to Usher in Season

Saturday will see the opening of senior rugby festivities, locally, when the Varsity will act as hosts to the famed man-eating Tigers of Calgary in the last exhibition game prior to the play-off series for the provincial title. The experience gained in the game last week and the extra week's routine of daily work-outs has made a very appreciable change in the local squad, and the boys are all set to send the snarling Bengals home with the short end of the score.

The gladiators, under Jimmy Bill's able wing, are prepared to give their best, and it is up to the student body to turn out en masse and show the team we're all with them. It will be the first game on the home field, and the best possible way we can show our appreciation of the team is to turn out and cheer and work with them.

The squad worked under several handicaps at Calgary last week. The short training period, a foreign field and the absence of several regulars combined to work havoc with the boys. This, combined with the driving onslaught which the Calgarians maintained throughout the game, proved too much, and the locals were never able to hit the stride they are capable of showing under favorable conditions.

Calgary has a real team this year. Built up from the remnants of the championship 50th Battalion squad, they are rated as the best aggregation of pigskin chasers the southern city has lined up in years. The line is heavy and presents a stonewall formation on defence. The wings are fast and deadly tacklers, while the back-field, although not the fleet-footed crew of last season, are experienced players who put up a

steady, consistent game from start to finish.

If you think Calgary is to have things their own way, a glance through the roster of the locals should cause a little shadow of doubt to cross your mind, and in all probability it won't be a little cloud when you reach the end. Here they are, check them over:

"Red" McLaren—"Red" is one of the old reliables who is always to be found standing right in the thick and giving his best. He is a middle wing of the 200-pound type, and captain of this year's squad. He has the happy combination of football weight and grey matter which make him a real leader in the several branches of sport he interests himself in. Red has carried the Varsity colors on the grid, basketball floor and track, and at present he is concentrating all his energies on a victory for the green and gold Saturday.

Terry Agnew—Terry will be found in the line-up holding down the other middle wing position. Terry is on deck for his fourth year in senior company, and is a pleasing sight for a coach to rest his optics on. Not only is he a tower of strength to the defence of a team, but he hits the line viciously, and when he does something has to go. Rather a living example of a through freight ploughing through a small town station. You know that rending, smashing effect—that's Terry.

"Wink" Potter—"Wink" broke in to big time last year as a "Frosh," and had the old boys opening their eyes. This year he's going over better than ever, and big things are expected of him. Potter learned the ropes in Calgary with C.C.I., and later saw a couple of seasons of intermediate rugby as a member of the southern city's "Y" team. "Wink" is playing inside wing this year, and showing marked ability as a line plunger, being one of the few to fathom the Tigers' defensive system last week-end.

"Chunky" Young—Young is all that his name implies and then a little more. This is not a new trade for him, as he was a member of the senior squad two years ago. Young should be a great aid to the team this year, as he knows the game from days gone by when Jack McAllister and Co. were the green and gold. "Chunky" tips the scales at 195, and will hold the Calgarians back from his station at inside wing. Although he was forced to retire early in the game Saturday on account of an injured thumb, it is thought that the painful member will be O.K. for the fracas on the 17th.

D. P. McDonald—"Scotty" needs no introduction to sport fans, being famed far and wide as the best net guardian of winter's pastime in these parts. As a grid man D.P. takes a wing position where, in spite of his lack of weight, he is renowned as a deadly tackler and an obvious reason why end runs go astray. McDonald was in the game occasionally last year, but has landed himself in a regular berth for this season's activities.

A. J. Eby—Eby needs no introduction to rugby followers of this city. Last season he was seen in action with Deacon White's famous Eskimos. This year, however, he entered our fair halls of learning, and will be seen in action on Saturday playing the opposite wing to "Scotty" McDonald. Being an old hand at the game Eby is being groomed for the position left vacant by Bissett's graduation in the spring.

Jack Woods—At quarter we find a newcomer to these parts in the person of John Woods. Woods is slated to call the signals in the coming battle, or take a turn on the half-line. He is a good punter and weighs in the neighborhood of 140 pounds. John picked up a few of the fine points of the game in the east, where he was a member of the Upper Canada College team, and in that country they take their rugby seriously.

Ross Henderson—"Hendy," captain of the 1924 squad and the man with the educated toe. Hendy started to pick up the rudiments of the grid game as played in senior ranks in '22. Since then he has worked himself up to one of the old guard of the present aggregation. His coolness and past experience make his presence on the team a great help. Ross will in all probability be seen in action at quarter or on the back-field. He has held down both places in other days, and the fans are looking for him to stand off Hanna's kicks.

Bob Hill—Hill is one of the recruits from the Freshman ranks breaking into fast company. Although Bob is around the 150 mark in weight, he has all the ear-marks of being every inch a grid star. He dished up a nice display of the game in Calgary, and proved to those of his old stamping ground that some of the rugby talent had left the city to appear in the invaders uniform.

Bob learned the game during the high school days when he played with C.H.C.I. and the Calgary Juniors.

Lawrence Piper—"Pipe" was introduced to the Varsity fans as a Freshman last year, and following a training period inflicted by the Sophs stepped out and landed a place on the senior team. "Pipe" is a half of the running variety, and also the possessor of a kicking foot. Prior to coming to Alberta he graduated from South Calgary H.I. with first-class honors in rugby, where he aided the boys in gathering championships of various kinds.

Herb O'Brien—"O'Brien" broke into the game last year with a bang, when, as a "Frosh" from the tall timber, with a record as an all-round athlete, he decided to add rugby to his lists. "O'Brien" held down the centre position last year, and this season Jimmy Bill has moved him into the back-field. Herb is one of these things coaches dream of, about six feet tall with around 180 pounds of bone and muscle cast over "a body by Fisher" frame. Herb was a new one to the game last year, but having a rugby ball left in his care for the summer has helped plenty, as the boy has the old pigskin trained to do some very fancy stunts after being shoved into the ether by his boot.

Harold Ferguson—"Fergie" is well known as a track man, and this season decided to try his hand at chasing the elusive oval. Harold is a real man for any team, as he's one of the "never say die" crew, and there's no quitting with him in the line-up.

Walter Selnes—"Chief" is one of the heavyweights of the squad, and has been in uniform every season since '21. Selnes is an ideal line man, combining weight and speed with the ability to hit the line hard and low. He is expected to do some mighty destructive work to the Calgary line when he goes into action Saturday.

Ken McKenzie will be ready to jump in and do his share in bringing home the bacon, or stopping the terrible Tigers when they threaten.

Clarence Campbell will also be seen in action as a line half. Clarence served his apprenticeship in the inter-faculty leagues for several years, and is now ripe for senior company.

Mac McCallum, the star line man of '23 Arts interfac teams, is prepared to throw his 180 pounds at the enemy in honor of the Alma Mater. Pingle, of Medicine Hat, and McCalla are new to the game, but show possibilities, and may get a chance on Saturday to strut their onions. Now, gang, don't you think that's a real team, and whoever beats them is going to be a championship team in the full sense of the word.

THE LINEUP

The following is the likely lineup for the big game:

Tigers (Calgary)	Varsity
Langdon.....	Centre.....Laurie
Woods.....	Inside wing.....Potter
Dodds.....	Young
Ferguson.....	Middle wing.....Agnew
Bradley.....	McLaren
Zeigler.....	Outside wing.....McDonald
McLeod.....	Eby
Ross.....	Quarter.....Woods
Thompson.....	Hill
Hanna.....	Half.....Henderson
Horsfall.....	Piper
Strong.....	O'Brien
K. Elder.....	Subs.....McCallum
Philpotts.....	Ferguson
Waines.....	McKenzie
McFadden.....	Campbell
Mouatt.....	Pingle
Elder.....	Selnes
Gideon.....	McCalla
Taylor.....	

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The surprise picture of the
year.Keep your eye on the Rialto
First-class Orchestra under
direction Mr. Tom GardnerFORMER PRESIDENT OF S.U.
TELLS OF SOME OLD BOYS

(Continued from Page One)

poker with the best of them; he didn't drink and was therefore always well heeled. He was also pretty canny with his roll, and knew how to avoid a lot of bad debts. Some whose names I wouldn't care to mention have been turned down so gracefully that they held him no ill-feeling. "I'll give you ten francs if you really need it, but I won't lend it to you," was a form of refusal difficult for an honest man to resent.

A lad named G. B. Johnson was the first one of our Company to get killed. A trench mortar had blown in the bay where he was on sentry about 7 o'clock in the morning. Off and on during that day he sneaked up the trench to have a look at him, "a mangled mass of khaki," as Cluny Lightbody expressed it. We couldn't get him in until after dark; our trenches were only thirty yards from the Germans and the blown-in bay was completely exposed. In spite of this, Alex. McQueen was restrained only by direct command of the officer from going out to fetch him.

Alex. acted like a hero that morning, and we all expected he would receive some award for his bravery. A dud mortar dropped into the trench. But Alex didn't know it was a dud when he picked it up and tried to heave it over the parapets. I can see the Sergeant yet as he turned and beat it when he saw Alex with the damned thing in his arms.

This was our first experience under fire, and we were awfully green and awfully frightened; all except Barney Lopston who never seemed to know what fear was. When he saw the first of the trench-mortars coming hurtling through the air, "Ha, ha," says he, "they're chucking tin cans at us."

I was sorry to learn that Barney was killed, after he had weathered the storm until 1918.

Seven long years have nearly elapsed, and we know that memory fades with the lapse of years which bring closer the day when we too must leave for that world hereafter and beyond.

O! that we could do something which would please those that have gone before! It is my own conviction that an humble prayer offered in their honor will give them greatest pleasure. And this, kind reader, is my justification for what may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task of endeavoring to raise funds for a memorial organ.

In holy music's golden speech,
Remotest notes to notes respond;
Each octave is a world; yet each
Vibrates to worlds its own beyond.

In contemplating such a monument as we propose to erect, one that will appeal to both the eye and the ear, it will be wise to call oftentimes to mind the proverb: The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear filled with hearing.

There is a world hereafter and beyond where are those boys whom we wish to honour, and in honouring

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The Chesterfield House
Phone 4654. 10628 Jasper Ave.SATURDAY DANCE
AGAIN POPULARFrosh Enjoy Evening Free From
Sophomore "Foolishness"

On Saturday, October 10th, the second Saturday night dance of the season was held in Athabasca Gymn. By the time the strains of the opening dance were heard, a large crowd had gathered. Freshmen and Freshettes, free from the fetters of Soph tyranny, were present in full force. Before long the floor was crowded with dancers who merrily disported themselves to the strains of up-to-date jazz, pounded out by the excellent Varsity orchestra.

The musicians took up their position on an improvised platform, as a means of protection from the attentions of enthusiastic followers of the torch-torch art, who, the previous week, fell over the orchestra.

In this connection it has been suggested that a large movable platform be built for the use of the orchestra. This could be placed in such a position, that the music could be easily heard all over the room. If it were built in two sections it could be moved into the dining-room for the formal dances.

The patroness of the dance was Miss F. Dodd, Dean of Women Students. The dance closed at 10:30 p.m.

DR. TAIT DELIVERS
STIRRING ADDRESSAustralian Divine in Convocation
Preaches Sincere and Spiritual
Sermon

Rev. Thomas Tait, a minister for many years in Australia, addressed a large audience at the University Sunday service in Convocation Hall. Dr. Tait impressed his listeners with his sincerity.

He chose for his text the story of the healing of the man sick with the palsy, as told by St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke. He pointed out that the recorders of the New Testament were wonderfully brief. They all agreed upon the spiritual code, but their descriptions of details of the story were not alike. Because they had a good deal of sanity and common sense, they did not record in detail that which had no essential bearing upon the subject. The journalistic men of our time flit and hover about the surface and arouse tremendous interest by giving the superficiality of things.

The two lessons that stand out in the story are faith and service, as Dr. Tait brought out. We do not conduct our lives essentially by reason. Faith is the biggest thing in our lives. Reason will never paralyze it. It is lifted above the superficial.

Service also was stressed. According to a man's faith will his service be. A great deal of good is repressed because of intimidation. The crowd keeps most of us back, but that is not the way with one whose purpose is deathless. Great philanthropists did not follow the commonly accepted way. They dared to forsake the ordinary path, and their ways were justified by triumphs.

whom we strive to ennoble ourselves that we may one day be worthy to join them round their camp-fires in the Happy Hunting Ground. It is little we can do at best, but it is fitting that we do what little lies within our power.

The erection of a monument to their memory is indeed a pious office and one in which we are all eager to share. Their graves are scattered too far and wide to allow us to embellish each one as we would wish; but, after all, it is to the spirit which animated those boys that we wish to pay tribute.

This we can do in the manner here proposed.

The Casavant firm of St. Hyacinth, Quebec, will install an organ at the University for about fourteen thousand dollars. The installation of this organ, dedicated to the memory of the boys who left the University to go to war never to return, will make possible the holding of appropriate memorial services in Convocation Hall. The first of these services will be held in this hall on November 11th, 1925, seven years after the Armistice.

Many plans for a memorial have been discussed in the intervening years, but it has not been found possible to proceed with any of them until now. Some funds have been secured. To complete the necessary sum, appeal is hereby made to:

The relations and friends of those Varsity boys who died on active service;

The returned soldiers who served with them in Canada or Overseas;

The students, staff and graduates of the University;

And generally to all those who revere the memory of these brave lads.

Subscriptions may be made payable to the Treasurer of the Memorial Fund and sent to him in care of the University.

Donations, even the most modest, will be gratefully received.

The names of all subscribers will be entered in a special register to be kept in the archives of the University.

The names and surnames of the dead and missing will be suitably inscribed on bronze panels.

Let us emulate the grateful tribe of ancient times, every individual of which was eager to throw a stone upon the grave of a departed hero, and thus share in the pious office of erecting an honourable monument to his memory.

Each dollar contributed to the fund is like a stone added to the pile.

Obey your best impulses, and make your contribution today.

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class will hold a supper party in the Lounge, Athabasca Hall, on Thursday, October 22nd. The new executive will be introduced, and a short business meeting will follow. The supper will start at 6:30 p.m. sharp. Dr. Hardy will be a guest of the class and principal speaker. All juniors are urged to be present.

HAVE FRESHMEN
HORSE SENSE?Searching Questionnaire for New
Students

(From Queens Journal)

In accordance with the ever-helpful policy of the Journal, we publish this week a questionnaire suitable for initiation purposes on our campus. In publishing it we are obliged to the Poker Club, which supplied valuable hints in its preparation. We should suggest that the present Freshman class, despairing of ever unearthing the ability to prepare a similar one among its members should paste it in their bonnets against the happily distant occasion when they shall have become Sophomores.

The following is the questionnaire:

1. Were there any other signs of insanity in your family before you decided to get a college education?
2. What do you think initiation should be like? Answer Yes or No.
3. Have you ever really studied. Will your constitution stand a long period of mental inactivity?
4. Do you prefer Blondes or girls from Pittsburgh?
5. Can you rush a Town Girl and a Levana girl at one and the same time and make 'em like it?
6. Do you play a 'Uke? Why?
7. Give three recognized methods of "dumping" a room.
8. What is your best time for a three course dinner. Can you lower it 50 per cent.?
9. Do you like cross-word puzzles? How do you get that way?
10. Do you sleep well? What else can you do in lecture?
11. Give three snappy remarks you could make to the guy that takes that smooth little one from down the line away from you.
12. Would you say anything to her? If so, why not?
13. Is there any good reason why you cannot be of some use?
14. Do you feel as foolish as you look?
15. Why didn't you answer the first fourteen questions?

STUDENTS MEASURE
APPETITES BY SIZE
OF THEIR PURSES

"Appetites of college students are measured by their pocketbooks."

This statement was made by H. W. Ennor, proprietor of a Berkeley restaurant. He added that the pocketbooks usually allowed for a great deal of desserts, and not so much solid food, as desserts are cheaper.

"Women do not eat as much as men, either. The reason is 'vanity.' A great many women are trying to reduce. They eat light foods without many calories in them. This is true of a great many college girls, too," said Ennor.

"Neither are the men without fault," he continued. "If two men are lunching together, and each orders a salad, very often one of them will send his back to the kitchen, and then the two men divide the remaining food."

"Women have always had the reputation of changing their minds a lot. This applies to women in the restaurants, too, though it also applies to men."

Ennor says that a great many people give special orders as to how they want their food cooked. These demands furnish amusement as well as trouble in the kitchen. Coffee is popular with everyone, while taste for tea is primarily among the women.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

The students of Newcomb College, Louisiana, who subjected their professors to an intelligence test achieved, if we may believe the reports published in the newspapers, a signal victory. The answers that the professors gave to the questions prepared for them revealed in most instances a lamentable ignorance of the matters that interest the undergraduates of Newcomb College. Al Johnson was set down as a wrestling champion, Boob McNutt as a heavy-weight prize-fighter, filet mignon as an opera by Puccini, Maraschino as a Russian statesman. Why should not the students be scornful of the intellectual equipment of teachers who are capable of such gross errors?

Yet the professors seem to us to have come out of the ordeal pretty well. In the first place, they are, so far as we know, the first college faculty in the land with sporting spirit enough to accept such a challenge from their undergraduates. In the second place, they have not come forward after the event with any excuses; they have not belittled the importance of the test, denied its significance, or lamented their ill-luck in being confronted with a question about Boob McNutt instead of one about Charlie Chaplin, to which they could have given the correct answer. They have not tried to spoil the undergraduate enjoyment of a victory.—Harvard Alumni Bulletin.

T. P. R.

Temp'rature, Pulse and Respiration, Of the nurses' organization. Here the lamp will gleam and splutter. Here our nursing wit will flutter.

The organization of the University Nurses' Club took place September 12th, 1925.

President: Eileen Ringwood.
First Vice: Agnes McLeod.
2nd Vice: Peggy Bradley.
Sec.-Treas.: Olive Carruthers.
Class Representatives: I. Wood, F. Alexander, Kitty Mallory, Martha Rowles.

The senior nurses entertained the new preliminary class at a jolly hike and Weiner roast last week. A feature of the evening was the absence of the usual "skeleton."

First Nurse: What's on Jean's mind lately?
Second Nurse: "Why?"
First Nurse: "She's taking up the art of diabetic cooking!"

In Memoriam

Here lies a poor Pro.—She never graduated,
Some say her initiative was sadly underrated.
When the spaghetti ran out—as the other nurses tell,

THE GRUESOME
DETAILS FOLLOW

(Continued from page One)

terrible anesthetic, he was placed on the operating table where a mustard plaster was applied to his chest and a vile mixture to his hair. Proceeding downstairs he was led into another chamber, and thoroughly calmed. The worst was over. All that remained was to wait in patient resignation while his comrades underwent the same ordeal.

When all was apparently over, blindfolds were removed and the thankful Freshmen were seated in the balcony of the gymnasium and allowed the privilege of witnessing the initiation of a few late comers. The merriment with which they followed the antics of their comrades showed that what they themselves had gone through had not been as bad as the foregoing recital would indicate. A much appreciated breakfast of rolls, apples and coffee, broken with Varsity yells and songs, was handed out by the Sophs.

Preparatory to the grand after-theatre climax the yelling gang was initiated into the secrets of the snake dance, running over the campus and through the dance in Athabasca Hall.

With the purpose of instructing them in the art of playing the game of "Tip the Bucket," the painted and bespattered congregation was assembled on the campus in front of Pembina Hall, where the apparatus, carefully prepared according to Hoyle, was ready. This consisted of a box suspended on two pails, about eight feet high. One side of this box had an extension containing a circular hole about six inches in diameter. Two men played the game at once. One sat in a wheelbarrow and held poised in his unlifted hand a wooden spear, with instructions to throw it through the hole as the second participant wheeled him under the box. In said box was a pail of ice cold water, and if, in the rush between the pails, the spearman failed to pass his weapon cleanly through the opening, the bottom of the box was released and the water descended upon the heads of the unlucky pair. Having learned this game to their entire satisfaction, the Frosh were released to prepare for the big event of the afternoon.

At 2:30 p.m. all were once more gathered on the campus. Resident Freshmen were lined up against non-residents in an endeavor to put the big push ball across the opponent's line. For two five-minute periods

DR. D. MARION
DENTISTRoom 10 Hulbert Block
Whyte Avenue Phone 3368

She found that rubber tubes served the purpose just as well.

Information Wanted

Is it necessary to administer a general anesthetic in order to get a certain Eileen upon the scales?

Hut Nite

The first and third Tuesday of every month has been reserved by the nurses as hut night, when they will entertain their friends.

Ode to Larkspur

Pink: "By the way, did you take the clothes from that new ambulance case down to the admitting room?"
Blue: "No, it wasn't necessary. They just naturally got up and walked down themselves."

Say it With Alcohol

One to the Other at 6 a.m.: "Oh! dear, I wish I could wake up some morning as a graduate at last."
The Other (regaining consciousness): "What's that—a graduated flask?"

She Had All the Symptoms

Irene to Cis (who was rapidly devouring the noon-day meal): "Say, from the rate you're putting away that food anyone would think you had galloping consumption."

DR. D. R. DODDS
Dentist

308 Tegler Bldg. Phone 1745

The Capitol
Beauty Parlor
Barber Shop

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by Electing
a Cabinet Minister

VOTE FOR
HON.CHARLES STEWART
Minister of Interior